

The Call
of
Rural Japan

BY
GEORGE P. PIERSON

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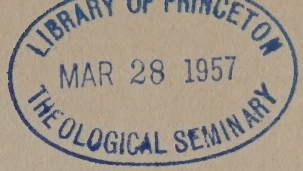


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The call of rural Japan



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**WILL THE READER PLEASE NOTE
THAT**

1. Since these sketches of missionary life in rural Japan have to do with only country evangelism, no attempt is made to picture the work of mission schools; nor of certain new Christian agricultural schools proposed.
2. Andrew Strong is no one person; he is an ideal, a composite of several rural missionaries photographed during forty happy years in the provinces of Japan.
3. "M. R. F." (member of the royal family, Eph. 3: 15; Rev. 1: 6) is a sobriquet under which most of these sketches appeared serially in THE PRESBYTERIAN, a nom de plume chosen to obviate the necessity of disclaiming in each issue that the story of Andy was biography.
4. An Andrew Strong is needed in hundreds of unevangelized towns, to do what many a single woman missionary (for whom a separate story should be written) is already doing in such places; his three friends are already on the field.
5. Should any further copies of this little book be desired, they may be had at ten cents a copy, by addressing the author,

GEORGE P. PIERSON
926 North Broad Street
Elizabeth, N. J.

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THE CALL OF RURAL JAPAN

I. Andrew

THERE is going to be no romance in this tale, except the supreme romance of Missions. The hero and heroine are not going to be married and live ever happily to the end of the volume. The hero's photograph, being of the composite sort and highly idealized at that, would be hard to recognize. As for the heroine—there isn't any; or rather there were so many heroines in Andrew Strong's missionary acquaintance, that the selection of any one would have been invidious. Andy had his hat off to them all. He saw them making the supreme sacrifice with no regret at the cost of the oblation; never repining except at the unwelcome sentence of an anticipated furlough or perchance withdrawal from the field—a sentence so often passed on their overtaxed natures in the midst of their years. Were any further statements necessary concerning a heroine for Andy, she would naturally figure in heroic caste in the unwritten volume of which this story is the sequel.

Our hero had been in Japan for a number of years. He had first knowledge of and natal connection with a fine Christian household, the noblest thing on earth—outside the church itself—in the land of his birth. His mother was one of the best, the best he believed in all the world. All the rest of the family grouped themselves naturally about her unassumed throne, and the prince consort lost none of his dignity in also paying obeisance.

When Andy had served his seven years of college and seminary he emerged with the ordinary degrees, the ordinary diplomas, the ordinary discipline and information, a man of ordinary faith and works. He was not a self-made man, but he belonged to the aristocracy of decency and had majored in right living and love of his kind. Debtor to Jew and Gentile he just naturally felt the urge of proclaiming the truth he had inherited and acquired.

It was shortly after the great war and Andy returning from the same reasoned thus: "If in the cause of personal liberty and social order in foreign lands, a hundred million Americans waived their inherited liberty to eat, drink and wear what they pleased investing heavily in the securities of this world, why should not I, in order to heal the broken hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, to set at liberty them that are bound, invest heavily in the liberty bonds of the Kingdom with guaranteed first claim on the earth itself, Matthew 5: 5, and redemption in Heaven. If young men I know could and did go unfalteringly into the region of the shadow of death and cheerfully in 'doing that little thing that men call die,' foreshorten their career by decades, why pray should I feel heroic or exilic, engaged in this crusade of supreme significance?

"The time is short. 'We are not working to better the world, to make it a place for the spiritually lazy to doze in; we are working to save dying men out of a perishing world.' Much of what has been won may be lost unless the great war of the ages is pushed. Jesus is not going to fail us. He is coming again. I am one of the hasteners of His coming." Thus he reasoned.

This was Andy at his best, not that he didn't have his struggles, but he always got on his feet again before the burying squad came around. He had sat up nights in lonely places wrestling with the problems of his life's work, but of these "missionary hardships" was not one. He did practice rice and once or twice in a clandestine way at home, raw fish; he discovered subsequently, however, that he had selected the wrong kind of fish—which explained things.

The real missionary hardship he met before he ever saw the waves of the Pacific or the cone of Fuji. It was at that time when he said within himself, "I am of some joy to my mother. I could serve her here in return for the score and more of years she has borne with me, but I must apparently say to her, 'It is corban by

that which thou mightest be profited by me. I am, as it were, decamping with embezzled funds.' " This was the tough part of it all. It was his first "point of peril," and he felt it all through his shuddering heart, but he was too good a soldier to fail and his mother was too good a Christian to withhold; so off he went towards the setting sun, whitening the long, long trail with love letters to the queen.

During his two years in the Tokyo language school, he kept his eyes and ears wide open, using parts of his vacations in spying out the land from Dan to Beersheba. So rapidly had mission and native Church advanced that they found themselves constantly facing new situations—missionaries are always facing uncharted situations. The two years ended, Andy took a long steady gaze at his surroundings and wrote down his observations in his diary-letters to his mother:

"The historical stages in the growth of the Church in an un-Christian land seem usually to be something after this manner:—(1) the missionary everything; no converts, no church, (2) parity of the missionary and native preachers in the newly formed presbytery, (3) the missionary decreasing and the native ministry assuming full responsibility in church affairs, credal, judicial, financial and administrative—presbyteries and synod composed of native preachers and elders—full autonomy. (4) the fourth stage—what? Your missionary apostolique stands at the parting of the ways and looks in vain for the footprints of a predecessor. There seem to be no guide-posts. Then he bethinks himself of his scroll and plucks it from his bosom to re-read his commission; whereupon he falls to thinking thus:—the church is founded and autonomous, are my orders executed—is the Gospel preached to every creature—is the native Church alone able to do for this generation what the Commission demands? May I go home to the mother church—should I go to other lands? Shall I become pastor of a particular parish here, or shall I press out into the regions beyond and get the Gospel to the people on the frontier? This last seems

to be the clear course, the more so as he realizes practically that—not to mention the compelling environment—within his own breast abides the insistent pioneering ideal and within the breast of his Japanese colleague the equally insistent ideal of nurturing and developing his own particular congregation. The average Japanese minister is a temple builder; the average missionary is a worker in the quarries. We have always been given to understand that eventually a nation must be evangelized by its own people. Awaiting that day in Japan, we feel that what we from the West have to offer is less to the autonomous Church than to the unconverted Nation. Moreover, we are so essentially representative of the home Church that to think of ourselves in any more formal union with the native Church than 'one in faith and doctrine, one in charity,' seems historically, experimentally and prophetically unnatural.

"So, mother, I have seen the vision of pioneering in the provinces. The call of rural Japan fills my ears and fills my heart. I am unspeakably grateful to you for letting me come. I would not exchange my assignment for anything else in the world."

II. His House

UNDER the conviction that as a country missionary he could best win his town and villages from a thatched cottage and on straw mats rather than in a ceiled house of Lebanon fir, Andy began his career as bachelor of the art of housekeeping on a rental of five dollars a month.

Interiorly his house would have impressed you as more or less orderly if you confined your attention where Andy confined his residence—to the living room. There the master of the manse lived on a swivel chair facing now to the East his desk, now to the South his dining table, to the West his hearth and to the North his guests. The farther you penetrated into the interior things grew steadily worse, wherein the house differed essentially from the master; for the farther you penetrated into Andy things grew steadily better. He was not to be judged by externals. He lived on the principle of general average. If he had on a perfectly unfrayed collar and a necktie with pattern plainly traceable, that made up for baggy trousers and irregular shoes. A clean smooth shave brought up the old clothes several points to the good. Hats he had of various sales—of these two or three of superior quality. On each sortie his self respect made selection on the same complementary principle, always with the mental reservation that the thing that really mattered after all was what subtended the hat.

Andy was a man of one Book, of one purpose. He couldn't tell you always about the last fashion, the last flyer or the last political party. He was probably narrow, but you never saw the shoals. He ran deep; the bed rock lay too deep to admit of babbling.

More should be said about the swivel chair. When it faced North it found itself confronting the three five-foot shelves. The top shelf contained Bibles in three languages, English, Greek and Japanese, commentaries that interpreted the Text and sundry dictionaries. Andy was

interested only in interpreting and proclaiming the meaning of the Text. The second shelf contained the same and the third shelf contained the same. Between the lowest shelf and the desk was a miniature junk shop, discernable in which were a bottle of black ink, a bottle of red ink, several fountain pens in various stages of aridity and a weird assortment of dull pencils, pack^{er}less rubbers, hardened mucilage bottles, inky blotters and inky other things that needed a strong wind, a woman's hand or an accidental tip into the waste basket. One more thing—those three ancient historic bundles of letters!

One great reason for the smallness of his book shelves and the largeness of his letter piles was the necessity of ever making renewed adventures into the unexplored regions of the Japanese language, which always constituted a previous engagement. It was not without a certain exhilaration that he entered by a new passage that masterpiece of intricacies the labyrinth of a fair sized paragraph sentence. He had often found himself, or rather lost himself, in the maze of one of these sentences, grammar long since left behind, the nominative case rapidly receding from view, in a choppy sea of clauses and no parking ground in sight—unquestionably a mixed figure, but no more mixed than some of Andy's earlier sentences. It was no less difficult to take one of these periods from a Japanese speaker; it overspread Andy's mind like a drizzly fog. Presently communication became easier but scarcely anything appealed so to his sense of humour as the question of his American friends, "How long did it take you to master (sic) the language?"

As Andy explained to his patron saint (of whom more later), "I find it rather hard to keep up with the procession. Where I would be reading the next chapter I must perforce be translating the last chapter. My only hope of keeping on speaking acquaintance with headlines and tables of contents even is converse with your ladyship. A liberal education, you know, is one that should

be dispensed liberally; I have been so liberal with mine that there is only a little left. I used to have rows of text books filled with things I have known. Now I must be questioned with "enormous prudence" and along lines converging considerably this side of my college course."



III. Household

THE household consisted of Andy, a Middle School student, Goro, who worked his passage as chef, Fuzzy Wuzzy the Irish setter and Andy's sense of humor. His Japanese evangelist and most intimate friend lived elsewhere, coming in daily for counsel and work. Goro's culinary art was, like his use of English, tentative. His menus consisted of fruits in season, bread, butter, milk—all variously dated, and a compound of tinned cornbeef and fried potatoes three times a day. This last was Goro's piece-de-resistance. This was all very well for a month or so but at definite periods when the limit of "resistance" was reached, Andy might be seen taking unwonted interest in ads dealing with carbo-hydrates, proteins and their proper blends.

Fuzzy Wuzzy wasn't so particular about a balanced diet. He was partial to proteins and liked his starches snappy. Next to proteins and Andy, Fuzzy Wuzzy liked the rug in front of the wide fire place. Andy had devoted a good deal of thought to this specially constructed fire place. It was five feet wide and three feet deep, and like Andy, didn't smoke, although it deserved less credit than its patron; for Andy used to smoke and often now had to bite dents into his old celluloid inhaler to prevent his resorting to the brierwood.

The inhaler was like a cigaret-holder and had once contained an aromatic compound. It was quite remote from the gratification of his former pipe, yet as Andy confided to himself, "Anyway, I'd rather have an aromatic conscience and a stale pipe-stem than a stale conscience and a reeking tube." It was part of the game to pay the forfeit, and Andy's conscience was as peaceful as his slumbers.

F. Wuzzy knew that when the clock struck ten, he had to retire to his sleeping porch, where he lengthened his days by seven hours of ozone. His master wasn't so regular; for embers were his other

library. In that library Andy read—not the past; for he had found self-pity unprofitable—but the interesting present and the absorbing future. He found the embers a sort of altar-fire, too; for though no Zoroastrian, he often found the answer while gazing into the glowing depths. Prayer was an attitude with Andrew Strong; he did not stop to pray, he just went right on praying, each stretch of work lying in a parenthesis of prayer. He was not always talking to his Master, but he never found it necessary to await an audience.

Then there was another occupant of the household permanently in residence—Andy's sense of humour, which served up many a viand restorative of balance—for instance the statistical blank that came around once a year for infilling. Andy faithfully recorded:—number of baptisms this year, 17, an excess of 3 over last year's figure. As he made the record he longed to quote the decimal accuracy of a former evangelist associate who reported an average attendance at morning service of 17.3 people—the .3 not representing, as the casual reader might infer the peripatetic young gentleman now wriggling out of his pew to support his father in the pulpit and now accompanying his mother in a four hand rendition of a hymn on the organ. The whole performance of statistics Andy regarded as something of a joke if taken seriously as an index of totals in the progress of the Kingdom. You might as well try to tabulate the tides or estimate the coefficient of expansion of the light and heat from the rising sun. Real statistics with him were a three—nay, a four dimensional thing. He saw a great Historical Reality being gradually perceived, admired and accepted, in contradistinction to the disappointing figments of Buddhism. He saw the youth of the Nation calling the gilded goddess of mercy Nehushtan and gradually turning with desire to the One who could write their death sentence in the dust and bid them uncondemned go and sin no more; their hungry souls satisfied not with vain reasonings and empty dreams, but by the

discovery of the Truth in Jesus the Light of life. He saw these things and more in the men he knew, in the literature he read and in the ideals being silently accepted. As he thought of the Kingdom of Heaven coming not with observation, he smiled happily as he mailed the pink and blue curling blanks to the secretary.

Finally there were the treasured letters from Goro whose English was in the unfinished business stage. The last two letters had been laid on the table within convenient reach as a sure cure for brain fog. So tickled himself was Andy over these pearls that it was always a temptation to put successive grains of sand into the producing oyster.

Goro had recently sent him this one:

"My respectable Teacher,

I have neglected to write on you for a long time. I thank your letter. I intended absent for a month. Allow me to express my grateful acknowledgements for your repeated kindness, sir. Citizens in Tokyo are to struggle the hot from 88 degrees to 97 degrees.

I will be able to patient the hot. Will you please do not apprehend with my health.

I have many works to do and continual rush of activities permitted me from writing letters.

Mr. L. is good at Japanese he was preached at the last Sunday's evening meeting. I am always cultivated by your personality and lessons. I am sure both of us are closed together in our minds.

I remain, my dearest,

Your obedient servant,

Goro."

There was another member of his household dwelling there, not in person, but often in presence. She dwelt corporeally in a near-by town, a beloved white haired saint, the widow of a missionary long since promoted. She too abode in an interpreter's house by the

side of the road, a road sometimes a *via dolorosa* to Andrew going, but always a highway of joy to Andrew returning. One of those fine spirits she was, with a heart so purified and sweetened by chastening that she took you for granted as one of her own kind. You'd almost rather die than disappoint her. That was the way Andy felt about it. By way of by-product he found his apologetic greatly strengthened, too. He always appeared in her spotless home with his tonsorial and other departments raised to the nth power of excellence. Somehow it wasn't natural to be frayed or baggy in her radiant presence. If it hadn't been for the thirty-five years that separated them of course Andy would have—. As it was, she so reminded him with her youthful figure and motherly ways of another white-haired lady across the sea that she was almost as good as a furlough. The white-haired lady was only sixty-five years in advance of her kindergarten pupils, among whom Andy speedily enrolled himself. The kindergarten, she had opened not only for its own sake, but as an object for the outgoings of her mother heart. She had often allowed Andy to see the kindergarten in session. The young gentlemen of slightly different pigment and attire and vastly different speech, in suppressed activity and curbed savagery, differed infinitessimally from their little Western brother barbarians. He of the East and he of the West are altogether very lovable little men. The corresponding young woman sitting demurely in their circle of chairs with all the dignity of little old ladies, ready to sing to you or posture for you with all their native charm and grace, were quite the same as their Western sisters, if not more so. Andy listened and watched for traces of Oriental mysticism and found not a vestige. Only a strong sense of the proprieties restrained him from reverting to savagery himself and hugging the whole school.

The white-haired lady had stories to tell of kindergarten theology.

A little boy of six said to his teacher, "Where is God?"

"Why, God is everywhere; he is here."

"Then why can't we see him?"—looking around the room for the idol shelf.

"God is a Spirit, and we can't see a Spirit, you know. Taro San, look at the leaves of that tree. Why are they moving?"

"The wind makes them move; anybody could tell that."

"But can you see the wind?"

"No, but it's there. Oh, I see. It's like God, isn't it? He is here, but you can't see him."

Presently a Bible woman came into the room and Taro, full of eagerness at his new discovery, rushed up to her, exclaiming: "O Sensei, Sensei, did you know that God was here?"

"Why, Taro San, how do you know he is here?"

"I'll tell you. I'm talking to you, am I not?"

"Yes."

"Well, can you see the words coming out of my mouth?"

"No."

"But they're there, aren't they? It's like that."

In after years Taro testified that none of the philosophers of his university career had been able to efface his kindergarten theology.

IV. Yokefellow

NOW, Andy had as his associate and close personal friend an earnest, modest, devoted, Bible-loving, prayer-fed Japanese evangelist. Each complemented the other. Each was superior to the other. Each was leader. Each was subordinate. Neither was looking at the other. Each had determined to know nothing but Jesus Christ and him crucified. The two were moving in the same direction, at the same rate. Friction was impossible.

Andrew had real respect for the Japanese pastors, too, for their learning in the thought of the East and the West, their executive efficiency, their sacrificial service, best of all their loyalty to Jesus—a loyalty he believed that would not flinch, even should the martyr fires of three centuries ago be re-kindled. He wished always to preserve the spontaneity of their love and respect, and never to be called upon to render the same as a matter of necessity and not of free-will.

For the faithful evangelists he had genuine sympathy, having lived in the midst of their problems for years. Of them he once wrote to his mother: "These men are men of faith in the midst of a community to all appearance religiously moribund. Buddhism half dead is perhaps more difficult to deal with than live Buddhism might be where at least the organs are not atrophied. The worship of Shintoism presents an appearance of life, but is largely galvanic. The agitated attempt is made to gag the public mind, to guard the press, to seal the schools, to encyst society. Demonstrations are organized. Bowing to the Emperor's photograph is warranted non-religious. The whole effort seems to be the amazing attempt to keep the country at once open and shut. The old moats are still here, but dry; the old gates still stand, but open; the old castles still remain, but only as museums. Obviously dwelling in the

midst of such unrealities is trying to the soul of an honest evangelist. He lives, moreover, in the midst of a people devoted to luxury that will not and cannot admit the Saviour to the heart's domain. What you find disguised in silks among the wealthy you find appalling stark in the frank animalism of the factory people. And further, he lives in the midst of a sovereign people, strong in arms and courage, dominating the Far East, unvisited yet to their full discipline by the heavy hand of Jehovah. And these things do not make for humility, nor for repentance, nor for faith.

"The evangelists are men of vision, truest patriots, convinced like their martyr ancestors that Japan's salvation begins with the life of Christ in the soul. They see and we see in the Christian church the only real and abiding League of Nations already extant with its one Head, one body, one Spirit, one law, and the guarantee of the External on its conquest. This is the vision that keeps us and our evangelists going amidst the temporizing expedients and futile fussing of the changing day.

"They are the men who have been with Jesus in two temptations, and find themselves now in the third. As Satan tempted the Head of the church, so he has tempted his body, the church, itself. The first temptation in the old days was to make secondary things first and final. Happily, education and eleemosynary work have not substituted the gospel; rather they were illustrative of and introductory to the gospel; however, in certain quarters the old temptation persists of emphasizing the feeding of the five thousand above the care of their souls. When the church grew and became possessed of power, then came the temptation to presumption, to choose the Cross-less way, to cast one's self on angel's wings, to rest satisfied with the little done. And the third in which we find ourselves, is to gain the whole world by compromise. Nothing is more subtle

and mortal in a heathen land than the temptation to compromise with environment, the domain of the prince of this world.

"They are the men who do much of the work for which we missionaries—much to our confusion—are often credited. We have each our sphere, and ours, I often think, is the less arduous. Certain it is that country evangelists particularly, sacrifice hours and days to callers, who with them 'conversing forget all times, all seasons and their change.' The country evangelist has perhaps very few men in the community with whom he may have intellectual companionship. He is constantly giving out and has hardly time for filling in. He plucks an emaciated purse from his rusty, wrinkled clothes, and sends half of his forty dollars monthly stipend to his children in school. He is under-fed. He rarely has enough balance with which to buy a book, and yet year after year he endures, his sanctified samurai self-respect forbidding complaint. There must be often a sub-conscious suggestion of what in the way of means a life otherwise devoted might have won for his wife and children. But where the cross weighs heaviest is that place in his experience where he sighs with that greater prophet of old, 'Who hath believed our report and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed.' There is only one missionary hardship, there is only one hardship for the evangelist—it is this, to approach men with a heavenly message and to be greeted with a stupid or hostile gaze. Nothing is so stupid as sin and none so stupid as its victims.

"My heart goes out to these evangelists in full sympathy, my friendship is theirs as theirs is mine, my prayer and praise ascends for them, my confidence in Japan's future rests with them—or rather with theirs it rests in the conquering Christ.

"Now these things being so, 'Which is better,' says one, 'to send missionaries or to employ evan-

gelists?' The answer to this dilemma is, Both. When I see two horns of a dilemma or two horns of a goat too close at hand, I generally seize both. Perhaps you have tried to hold an unwilling goat by one horn. This dilemma is of a particularly short horn type; for the missionary is, ideally speaking, a pastor to evangelists, and consecrated Japanese evangelists do not exist in sufficient numbers yet. Of course, we look to the Japanese church some day to furnish men and means to evangelize the Empire, but that day is not yet. Nine out of ten Japanese pastors are so busily engaged—and properly so—in the care of their churches that they have little time for going far afield. At present the regions beyond belong to the missionary and his evangelist friends. What troubles most of us is that we are not fairly possessing our possessions."

V. His Message

ANDY muddled in, obsessed with this stupid American idea that men were men, whether they rode in the carriage of a minister of state or sat in rags at the side of a bridge. He never got over the idea that he was a man talking to men.

He started out with his gospel trilogy—(1) God is, and he is my Father in heaven; (2) I am a sinner; (3) the only begotten Son of God is the only Saviour. He never let go of the gospel in John 3: 16, not forgetting the “perish,” and the gospel never let go of him. The more he heard of lesser messages, the more splendid did his trilogy shine. Down on the granite was founded his conviction that God had given through the Holy Spirit a sufficient Revelation; primarily to make us wise unto salvation, and secondarily, for doctrine and instruction in righteousness; so that when he met dangerous teaching, vicious social usages, loneliness or hostility, his integrity, four-square to every wind of doctrine and flood of opposition, fell not; for it was founded on a rock.

“What we want is the living Christ and not emphasis on the record,” quoted a friend to him once.

Andy made no reply, but leisurely turning to his desk, took out a draft recently received from the United States of America for one thousand yen.

“What’s that?” said the friend, somewhat surprised.

“Oh, nothing; it’s only a draft from America,” replied the unperturbed Andy, as he slowly and thoughtfully began tearing it in two.

“Hi, there, Andy, what on earth are you doing with that draft—have you gone crazy?”

“Why, tearing it up. It isn’t money. You know,

the money it calls for is gold in a Yokohama bank."

"Yes, I know, but hold on. You'll never get your gold without the authority of that draft."

"Oh," twinkled Andy, "I see you agree with me on the importance of laying emphasis on the record!" "You may say," he continued, as he reached for his mucilage, "that the gold came first, then this informing draft. That is quite true, but practically for me this 'record' came first. Only with it do I have assured knowledge of my possession and only by it do I have the authority for possessing my possessions. Do you think we can over-emphasize the Record, or that we are in any serious danger of under-estimating the gold?"

As Andrew's gospel was a Spirit-transmitted gospel, so it was a Spirit-convincing gospel. He knew perfectly well you must have a Spirit-filled Bible, a Spirit-filled preacher intermediary, and a Spirit-invaded hearer, in order to an efficacious evangelism.

As he gained more and more of the Spirit by looking into the Spirit-given Message, so he gained more and more compassion for the multitudes, the more he saw of them. He looked on men just as he looked on Yokohama, a few days after the great earthquake and fire, his mind filled with horror at the fallen walls and the death ashes—all that was left of the worldly port, with the little life remaining struggling to maintain itself. It was the saddest sight in Japan, as Andrew believed our earth to be the saddest sight in the universe. So that it was with no merely ameliorating or reforming purpose that he approached his task.

Thus Andy, doubly inspired by what he saw in Christ and what he saw in men, supplied himself with enough of the Japanese language to convey his trilogy, and enough of tracts (these of three grades—one grade for 95 per cent of the people who could

read, one in simplest style and large-size type, for the aged, who would have it read, and one for children) to supply the multitude; and happily, happily, oh, how happily for them and himself, with a real interest and love for humankind. he sallied forth on the King's business.

VI. Survey

THERE came a time when Andy determined to make a systematic survey of the town. His first surveyed the children, or rather they surveyed him. They measured the length and breadth and depth of his smile and that was all they wanted to know. Andy's survey of them was rapid—unoccupied hearts and heaven-born stories to fill them. In that little town for centuries similar groups of children had waited in vain for just these stories. Andy's problem was not where to open a Sabbath-school, but where not to.

He surveyed the Middle-school boy, just what you were, gentle reader, at his age, full of life, zeal, ideals and ambitions; only that the boy of Japan is pressed out of measure by the imperious demands of the thousands of idiographs he must first learn. These cut into his years in the South. Impossible areas of learning open up to him on the East and West. On the North side—what? Here is the sad thing—a deliberate clean cut, made (for him not by him) of the spiritual world, and his soul stone-ridden, roofed-over, crippled, that he may better, forsooth, exercise himself in the acquisition of knowledge.

Winning the affection and respect of a Middle School boy is worth while; indeed a necessary preliminary in persuading him to accept salvation. In the process one gains glimpses of the mental attitudes of a boy of sixteen to nineteen years of age, an interesting and often pathetic study. To many students religion seems unnecessary. Religion when synonymous with Buddhism is either an abstruse philosophy with little to do with the first business of making a living, or a pious device by which through an invented heaven and hell people are lured or frightened into a life of virtue. Popular Buddhism thus makes a lie of the truth and in so doing not only condemns itself in the minds of thinking students but puts the stigma of insincerity on all religions. In so far as Shin-



Main Street of a Rural Town in Japan

toism, with its ancient traditions joining heaven with Japan, explains and establishes the Empire, the throne and the people themselves, it is unconsciously accepted. At the same time despite the compelling tendency of his surroundings to satisfy the soul of a Japanese boy, he is unsatisfied and finds himself groping in a maze. He tells you that he wants light, that he wants a guide and friend, that he needs a power greater than himself, and that he can get conviction only in facts and in an experience.

Next came along the grocer's boy with a heavy bamboo-woven basket containing a heavier load of packages, a cheerful ready young man, graduating at the eighth grade and now in the harder school of the world, and in vague way conscious of a lack somewhere. Andy was chummy with all of this sort, and they responded with their confidence. They read his books, came to his meetings, and then—separated, some to the right and some to the left, but Andy never let them go; Andy never let anyone go.

Then the railroad men, a picked company, conscious of responsibility and faithful to duty. Andy found them as a class sober-minded, independent, accessible, yet with no answer to the questions, "Are you on the right track? Are you following orders?" Some of the best members of Andy's little church were railroad men and their families.

Teachers of primary and Middle schools next came within range—those guides, philosophers and friends to the thousands of children and youth who get their ideas of life and for life from teachers rather than from priests. An interesting set of men the teachers were, with whom in an especial way companionship was possible. Andy plotted and planned to win the teachers, who readily admitted the insufficiency of learning only as a complete education scheme. They in turn explored Andy for his secret, and exploited him for his English; Andy stood the exploitation, gradually repelling some and winning others either by the high standard of his morals or the high demands of his religion.

Andy made a vain attempt to get a composite photograph of the merchant class. He photographed them singly, from the prince in his mahogany-furnished office to the poor peddler with his cheap assortment on his back; but only a panorama would suffice and his notebook was getting full. Exhibit I. Merchant 40 years old, silk kimono, gold ring, looks as if he spent some of his earnings in ways unprofitable to his soul's welfare, conversing usually in terms of interest and discount. Little interested in religion; the hardening of the heart, resultant of an irreligious youth, holding over through middle life, apparently expecting by temple registration to be bonded—through a life of irregularities or bailed out of purgatory by posthumous prayers of fearful kindred. "How much do you spend on evangelistic work in Japan? We Japanese are imitators; we've stolen a lot of good things from the West. We Japanese think we need not concern ourselves about religion until we are fifty; we are too busy till then. At what age do people in the West decide about religion?"

Andy gives him a tract on the Ten Commandments. "Good rules," says the man on reading them, "but," he added, "you can't keep them."

"You can if you get a change of heart."

"Well, I suppose so, but I am having too good a time. Good-bye, I get off here."

Exhibit 2. Man in middle life—his name is Legion—simple-minded, friendly, doing his best for his patrons, small profit on large labor, slowly turning over his stock (owned mostly by the bank), working seven days a week and fifteen hours a day, studying economies, making discounts daily and special gifts annually, Buddhist because his father was Buddhist.

Exhibit 3. Peddler, a simple Christian, heavy pack, country road, Andy meets him with his own pack of tracts and lunch. Andy, "As you go around to the villages and farm houses you have a chance to talk to the

people about Christ. Couldn't you leave tracts here and there?"

Peddler, "All right, glad to do so, and by the way when you are anywhere near my town, stay all night at my house and I'll get the neighbors in for a meeting."

But between the exhibits, stretch long, long lines of shades and grades.

Andy met him on the train a reservist who had fought at Mukden. There is always the man on the train and he is often bored because he is thinking or bored because he isn't thinking. Trains induce thinking—perhaps that is why we speak of trains of thought. This man on the train was representative of myriads of Japanese. "Before I went to Manchuria at the time of the Japanese-Chinese war, I was a Confucianist," he said. That is to say he had read what the Chinese sage taught about filial piety and loyalty. But as he got nearer and nearer to the guns at Mukden, he realized that a horizontal theory of life wouldn't fit a three-dimensional man. On the journey he had accepted at various stations Christian tracts passed through the car windows, but he had failed to pass them through the windows of his soul. Near Mukden he changed his philosophy for fatalism; if his time had come to die, die he must: if not, die he could not. Fatalism didn't fit Mukden: so he gave that up. Creeds for intelligent dying are pitifully wanting in Asia. "Now I am studying the Zen teaching," an effort by contemplation to free the mind from self and surroundings in order to get in tune with the universe.

Andy's heart went out to the artisans. They were a hard-working set of men, at \$1.50 a day of ten hours, twenty-eight days a month, twelve months a year. He had many friends among them. Not a few frankly confessed their barrenness of soul and accepted the Gospel.

The survey of the farmer was a vast undertaking. Knowing them means knowing fifty-three per cent of

Japan. As Andy viewed the pioneer farmer he found the head of the family duly registered in the temple, but waiting till he attains his father's years before really considering religion; meanwhile cutting down trees, hacking up bamboo roots, sowing among the stumps, and living on the lowest common denominator, until he can give his horse entire possession of the bark house, and build himself a new dwelling with a shingle roof, which may or may not shut in his further ambition. The little band of children, each tied up in red blanket-rag stockings and straw boots, a well worn mantle, and perhaps an ink-bespattered divided-skirt, clutching a frayed satchel of frayed books, dangling an abacus with which he does his "math" and a copy-book with which he presses back his clearing into the boundless forest of idiographs, and withal learning at school that man's chief end is loyalty to the Imperial house and filial piety towards his elders at home. As he viewed the farmers in the older parts of the country, he found them hard workers, running along in ancient ruts; jostled out only occasionally by the new life invading their confines, almost fettered to the temples, yet if in their earlier years approached with the Christian appeal, like the common people everywhere, listening gladly.

The day-laborer, who would dig you a cellar shaving the walls down to a perfect parallelogram, and transform topography otherwise with satisfactory skill. In the shack of one of these laborers, Andrew once found a copy of the Lord's Prayer, pinned to the wall over against the fire-god as equally to be revered.

One place Andy hesitated long before entering—the brothel of the town, euphemistically known as the restaurant. It was kept by an old woman with body dehumanized by tobacco, whiskey, and lust, and a soul having laid in the grave of decency for decades, seared to dusty distintegration.

For a long time Andy could not make himself talk to her, but she belonged to the "every creature" class, and he

had to try. He told her of sin and salvation not once or twice, only to meet apparently the resiliency of a mummy. All this experience warned Andy to evangelize men before the soul atrophied. Although Andy could not see the inmates of this house where they lived, he often met them in the afternoon as they walked to and from the public baths, and gave them tracts, which they accepted and read. Not a few of them were in this place against their consciences and wills.

The editor of the local paper, comparatively young, outwardly judged hard-boiled, but inwardly only restless in soul. When on the witness stand he had his replies ready, "If you believe God is, to you he is. If I believe Buddha is, to me Buddha is; it's all subjective. From the standpoint of morals Christianity is too strict. Buddhism is accommodated to our weaknesses. Amida, such is his merit will see you through." Andy's diagnosis was easy but in the treatment of this disease he knew much patience and love would be required.

A doctor, head of the principal hospital, a kind man, busy to the limit in the morning, prescribing and doing surgical work, in the afternoons making a round of out patients at ten cents a visit. No Sunday, nerve stores and sympathy drawn upon above measure, thinking to keep fit by the use of drugs. "When a man dies he goes out like a candle. I have seen a good many people die and performed many operations, but I have never seen a soul. I am no worse than the ordinary man. Salvation from what to what? If people want to believe in Paradise let them get all the comfort they can out of it." As Andy added the doctor to his hard cases, he added the note, "Wait till one of his children dies. Meanwhile teach the child."

The officials, joined up with a government that finds its natural head and source in the Emperor, beyond whom stretch centuries of the Imperial line, the vertebrate system of Japanese history "evolved from further

centuries of mythology." Officials may or may not be ancestor-worshippers; for they live also under a constitution guaranteeing freedom of religion. Further they live hard by a congested traffic centre with a confusing assemblage of signs and signals where East meets West, each with its diverging "ways" of the ages. So that the choice of a way is perplexing.

The school principal, an upstanding, forward-looking goods-as-represented-in-show-window man, who accepted first and defined afterwards. Here is what he said and Andy wrote; "When I hear sermons my scientific manner of thought suggests all manner of doubts. My boys naturally assume the same hostile attitude. But when I am singing hymns, they appeal to me and quiet my doubts. The way to do evangelistic work is through the hymn-book. Out of ten Normal School students three have hymn-books."

Following him Andy surveyed the priests in the temples. He found them with little to turn to, from which they might gain assurance, except their own reason; and, this in common with that of all mankind, deceitful above all things. The appalling confession of their followers was, "We have no connection with priest or temple until the day of the funeral. Atheistic, pessimistic Buddhism, doublefaced from its early years, with the loss of its mask (hoben i.e. . . . insincere teaching to gain moral results) has lost its real face. "Thoughtful Buddhist priests think Buddhism is doomed. Many people are studying Buddhism to find out what it really means; this is good." Since astronomy and world history came to Japan, Shintoism from being a religion became a cult, and from being a cult has become a ceremony.

Then he surveyed the old people, the lonely old people, a grandmother and a grandfather, more or less concerned about the future. Once a month they hear a sermon in the temple:—Such is the merit of the great

vow of Amida Buddha, to wit, that unless he could bring others into Nirvana, the place of extinction of desire and its train of ills, he did not wish himself to enter, such is his merit that whoso hails him is safe. So the old people say "Namu Amida Butsu" (Hail, Amida Buddha), return home, bow before the gilded shrine of Kwannon the goddess of mercy, renew the offerings of food and rice-wine and light the lamp on the high ancestral tablet shelf; and that suffices them.

Next Andy surveyed the old gentleman whose great joy in life is to spread out on the mats his collection of bronzes, lacquer-stands, sword-hilts, and swords, netsuke, and crystals, recounting to himself or a chance guest the history of each. Later on in the evening this old gentleman with saké-thickened tongue would discourse to Andy on the chief end of man, as being the following of the dictates of his heart. Andy surveyed them—the man, his treasure and his heart, and finding them all beside the mark, entered him in his note-book among his difficult cases.

At the end of his survey Andy wrote in his little note book his findings:

"Back in the hazy recesses of their souls are these conceptions:—All things are fixed. Man dies only to be re-born. There is retribution. To believe as one's ancestors is filial. Many seem unconsciously seeking the centre of the circle and seeking it in a fog.

'There is a famine of the Word of God. There are reasons why they do not desire the Word of God—the power of the traditions of centuries and present customs possess the souls of the people; the difficulty of accepting Christ as the Way, the Truth, and the Life, and the comfortable ease of slumbering on in 'reason' and experience; the spirit of the new age in the new Orient, busy pioneering, new adjusting, the crowding out of the supposedly impractical; the spirit of the age in the West permeating the East with its false standards of wealth, self-sufficiency, luxury; the lack in the

Christian Church in Japan of the full power derivable from the knowledge of Old Testament truths and a full appeal to the power of the Holy Spirit.

"If one comes here with 'another Gospel,' or an unauthoritative Bible, he is simply placing new images in an old Athens. What the nation needs is truth. Society is so full of pitiable substitutes and shams that confidence is rare and religious rest known only in its counterfeit. To such a people the man who preaches Jesus as a Way, a Truth and an Inspiration, has a worthless and a dishonouring Gospel.

"Those who lend me their confidence would be glad to tear out a chapter or two of their history, but few realize yet the exceeding sinfulness of sin.

"It is my great business here so to live as to put the whole town on the defensive, silently to compel them to show cause why they may not continue in their manner of life. It is further my business audibly to present to this people Jesus Christ and Him crucified. All the statesmanship required of me in this township is to get to the people the one thing essential they do not possess.

"It may take years to win the confidence of the common people, it may take time to convince them that they are wretched and miserable, poor and blind, but when in a rural community you have lived for a sufficient number of years a Christlike life and proclaimed a Christ-centered gospel, you can win them. May God grant me the high honor of such a ministry. With this prayer I hereby register my vow and add my seal.

"Andrew Strong."

VII. Embers

ANDREW, Fuzzy Wuzzy and the inhaler were all in place at the fireside. Goro was out and the sense of humour was resting. Andy was looking at the embers and through them, reviewing his first Sabbath week in Japan.

The "glad wild ways" of his language-school days had ended, the first stumbling in Japanese relegated to *haec olim* cells, the two summers in the hills with joyous memories of morning lectures, afternoon hikes and evening singing were over, the first sermons read, his tracts already in myriads of houses, his friendships sealed, and then the first plunge into the country with a social order hardened by centuries of custom, a priesthood hostile, a community disinterested and vice-sodden. He hadn't fathomed it all at once.

At first he accepted things at face value and by sheer friendliness won his way through the pride of officialdom, the sophistication of students, the blandness of tradesmen and the curiosity of the common people, who wondered just what his place in the community might really be.

Now his dial registered tracts delivered up in the region of six figures with thousands of calls, talks, lectures, and lessons on the credit side of his ledger. It was almost time for his first furlough. Things about him had begun to look brown and drab. The glamour had faded, the veneer worn off. The dull, hard, stubborn realities remained. Slowly the enervating environment of heathenism had had its effect. Distant hills and valleys had looked fair once, but shut in these years to the ten-acre section of tall trees, tangled roots and red-stained swamps, the work had become strenuous and exhausting. Japan may not be the hardest mission field, but it ranks high.

It hadn't all been a mistake, had it? He had paid a

high price to get here, not the price of his tourist and second cabin, nor the five dollars monthly rental—he wasn't an expensive missionary—he had paid the high price of the glad service he might have rendered his own kin and his own land. Any other cost to himself he laughed at. He felt as once in France when he had lost a finger. "It's gone forever; I can never grow another!" He hadn't made so many converts, either, it seemed. Had he missed his career? But perhaps John in Herod's prison and Paul in Nero's had had thoughts about careers.

"Wuzzy, come here. It's getting pretty lonely, isn't it, old boy?"

Wuzzy hadn't thought so—Andy there, the fire here, no place in dogdom less lonely, but a little quaver in the master's voice made him look up; for F. W. was past-master in phonetics.

"Yes, it is, things aren't moving very fast, pushing up-hill is slow business."

The dog got up, stretched out his fore paws, made his bow, looking the while straight at Andy's face, and put his paw on his master's knee. That was the way Wuzzy prayed.

"That's right, old man; give me both paws. I'll tell you what's the matter, Wuzzy. Those fellows that come here once in a while, eat peanuts, and feed you crackers, don't think just as I do, and the whole town doesn't believe as I do. After a while that sort of thing gets on your nerves, you know. That's what's the matter, F. W., nothing makes Andy lonelier than that."

The dog licked the hand that was gently stroking his paws. He was to find out all about loneliness himself during that awful year ahead, when the trail led to the station and stopped there and when none of the other 359 radii he tried led to Andy anywhere.

"Are you going to be a good dog next year, Wuzzy, and do what Goro tells you?"

Wuzzy wagged assent, bestowed a parting lick, and as his master seemed to transfer his attention to the embers, returned to his rug.

He stared at the embers—never more deeply; for the tempter was saying to him, "Yea, hath God said? Are you sure there is any God? If there is, why is Asia so dark and Africa? Why is Europe so war-cursed? Doesn't the world look like an abandoned place? How do you explain sin in a God-created universe?" Things rather swam before his eyes. He found himself saying to himself, "But a created being must be finite. A finite free agent is not only capable of resisting God's will, i. e., of sinning, but most likely to sin. From this standpoint the fall of an archangel and man is intelligible. Sin, then, in the eternal plan, it would seem, had to be. Now when you inquire as to the *purpose* of this exhibition of sin, is it not in order that all sentient beings in the universe, seeing the awful destructive effects of rebellion, may *voluntarily* submit themselves to the holy will of God, wherein alone is perfect freedom; that the younger brother may never again wish to go into a far country? On the little stage of this world, in the shortest duration, with the very least expenditure of human life, there is being acted out for the universe and for all eternity this cosmic lesson. It seems imperative that God had in a larger cosmic way to teach his creatures what in miniature He taught them in Judea."

These thoughts brought to the young Elijah, as he again became conscious of the embers, much relief, and still greater relief this conviction lying behind it all—"The Lord of all the earth must be and do right, infinitely more just, infinitely wiser, infinitely more loving than I am; I leave therefore to the General the conduct of the campaign; as a subordinate officer I am under definite orders to do a definite piece of work and I am ready to do it."

The searching experience through which he had passed seemed to demand a renewed vision; so he called the dog to him and went out under the stars. Anything outdoors was appealing to Wuzzy; anything outdoors with the master irresistible. Andrew stood transfixed at the glory of the heavens. The dog pressed close to what he thought to be his master, but Andy was out beyond the orbit of Neptune, overwhelmed at the majesty of creation and realizing the poverty of his earthly adjectives; wondering, too, why people had called him narrow and why certain of his kind considered it easier to measure the universe in terms terrestrial, in experiences mundane and on premises atheistic.

"Here is where I belong," he mused, "a citizen of no mean country."

The Lord had put eternity into his heart, but he was not yet to enter into the highest experiences of the "days of heaven"; so presently he found himself back in his little hut, on his little island, on his little world, looking over the tawny back of one of the dearest friends of man.

Andrew Strong had found himself in the desert and had taken account of stock—a raiment of camel's hair, a leathern girdle, a diet of locusts and wild honey, a voice and a four-square creed, four adamant convictions: "Behold the Son of God; Behold the Lamb of God Which taketh away the sins of the world; He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire; Repent, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand." If he let go his creed or muffled his voice, he might live in soft raiment in a Jerusalem palace; and the Pharisees and Sadducees wouldn't have so far to walk. In the quiet hours of his soul he had thought it all out, he had made his second dedication, he had passed his second point of peril, and he settled down in perfect peace; not that he had become an ascetic or buried the past in oblivion. His memory cells had not ceased to function; only he would not sub-

mit to solitary confinement in those cells.

It was during his first furlough that Andrew discovered that he had been too close to his work to see it. Again the distant hills looked fair, fairer than ever. In the midst of the forest his eager eye sought out a notable clearing. There must be new and ever extending clearings made. He had seen the vision of a band of devoted missionaries entering in where there were no other pioneers to go—a Japan Inland Mission (perhaps a Hudson Taylor) in continuous rural residence. "I'll go there and stay put even if I have to be the whole band," he whimsically told himself. Where his treasure was there was his heart also. It was with no misgivings, then, that after a blessed twelve months at court he cheerfully set his prow with his sailing orders.

VIII. His Method

PREACHING the Gospel to every creature—Andy could do it in five minutes to the beggar on the bridge (who soon attracted a ring of auditors and a traffic officer) or more leisurely to a companion truder on a country road. Of course the usual questions, "Where do you live? When did you come? How old are you? Do they have pines in America?" had to be answered, but mother-wit and practice had taught Andy how to reduce his geographical and ethnic information to its lowest terms, and, avoiding the Scylla of Americana on the one hand and the Charybdis of the other man's opinions on the other, he speedily introduced his trilogy. It was a sudden process sometimes—the old woman on the road, almost before she had time to adjust herself to the foreign environment was listening to Andy's little sermon, the student, soon exhausting his list of ready-made phrases was listening perforce to the three most important things for him to know. Where his voice couldn't carry Andy gave a tract. He had special concern for the aged, as having little chance left. "But I can't read." "Well take it home and get one of the children to read it for you." (Seventy-nine out of eighty can read in Japan; one out of eighty in China). It was often an effort—directly as the quality of the recipient's raiment—to give out tracts, but he disciplined his cowardly self and forced himself to the initiative. He used guile, too. In approaching a group he swiftly selected a likely man, knowing that should he accept, the rest of the flock would follow his example.

If he felt that the old gentleman or lady approaching was not in a receptive mood, he rather ostentatiously gave a tract to a nearby boy and then courteously located one in the aged hand. Andrew studied human nature. In an environment, as in a railroad car where distribution was taboo, he gave a tract or two to immediate neighbors, counting on other travel-bored curious humans to come to him

for similar gifts. His great idea was radiation.

He could not tolerate the "quality rather than quantity" principle applied to evangelistic work. When the next meeting of the Fire-side Club was too far off he poured out his feelings through his fountain pen. "Quality rather than quantity" may be a good dictum when applied to speech or chocolates, but it is most odious as a standard of Mission work. Where in the wide range of the Scripture is that principle taught! The advocates of this smooth proposition certainly do not mean that we should write an educational or a cultural qualification over our church portals—adding just in the interest of clearness—"No common people need apply." Jesus did not tell us to preach a class Gospel to people of quality but He was definite in teaching us to preach the Gospel to every creature. If the Gospel we preach does not attract the quantity as the Gospel He preached did, there is something wrong with our Gospel. Why the tinsmith and the washerman on our church rolls do not continue to come to our meetings is a heart-searching question. If as the result of our work we succeeded in building up a samurai church I should feel that we had been unfaithful to our mission. Jesus had compassion on the quantity; the quality often coming in for scorching denunciation. This hateful maxim should have the modesty to hide its face in the presence of early church history and latest church growth. Jesus took for disciples quantity and gave them quality. The Spirit is given to all. The Christianity that aims at an aristocracy of brains or blood or benignity is a Christianity devoid of the spirit of Christ and imbued with the spirit of worldly wisdom. "I beheld, and lo a great multitude (quantity) which no man could number, of all nations and kindreds, and tongues, stood before the Lamb clothed with white robes (quality) and palms in their hands; and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb."

When Andy went to the barber's it was not only to

have his hair cut, but to talk to the barber and to leave some of his tracts on the matted benches before he left.

There were theater and movie posters on the walls—why shouldn't he advertise the Kingdom? Further he arranged with the barbers to have a little shelf of books—a New Testament, Pilgrim's Progress, Little Lord Fauntleroy, and others—permanently placed within easy reach of "next" in their shops, which are a sort of informal clubs. At the stores where he bought his paper and nails, bread and meat, he soon got en rapport with the clerks and partly through their friendship, entrée into the Young Men's Club, where he capped with the Gospel message whatever subject he was asked to lecture on.

He rented a column in the local paper, publishing therein sermons, experiences, Scripture quotations, and the like. These papers went to places to which Andy could hardly gain access. They were read by friend and foe, priest and people, by the bigoted Buddhist and the woman in scarlet. But what centered his most loving endeavour was a little hall he had rented on the main street near the theatres and shows—on the *main* street; for a side street preaching place is a side-tracked work. To this Andy, his helper, and one or two volunteer Christians resort every free evening. This is the way they do it. One helper stands in the street distributing tracts and inviting people to the meeting. Inside the little hall Andy is at the little organ varying his playing with the occasional singing of a hymn. An usher, or rather a rusher, at the entrance, with as much pushing, pulling, and steering as discretion permits, assembles the nucleus; this accomplished, an audience is assured. The program proceeds with no interludes; for such evangelism abhors a vacuum. The audience must be held by sheer interest; dullness is fatal.

For three days there is a great festival of the Shokonsha, the calling on the spirits of the dead soldiers; most of the visitors from the region repair

to the central shrine and pay their homage there, some probably offering a twig of the divine tree in the customary ceremony. This done, attractions of various sort divert the crowd. Gaily illuminated city streets, road-side theaters, wrestling matches and a circus, with drums and music and general whirl, amuse the throngs from the country to the point of weariness, whereupon the free seats of a quiet, cool preaching place furnish an attraction. This company are talked to quietly, and before they leave they, too, have added their names to Andy's mailing list.

Many of the visitors from the adjacent townships of 400,000 people become points of contact for Andy's evangelism by Ford, when later he goes out in the country. He is out principally on a quest for children at the school gate. As they emerge Andy is playing "Jesus loves me" on the little portable organ. The children soon get the tune and the words, then they are taught why and how Jesus loves them, and that their open minds may not forget it all, a very short catechism on a single sheet of paper is given them. Through their open minds—minds open at both ends—the old people at home hear all about it too. So a regular Sabbath-school has been held at no expense for rent, janitor, lights or fuel, and the little old Ford goes rushing off to intercept the next group.

Outside of his home town Andy found a perfect boon—the placing of forty-one railroad stations at his disposal for addresses, the official assembling of audiences, have added their names to Andy's mailing list.

Once on a vacation Andy had an experience which remained ever vividly with him. This is the way he described it in a letter to the Queen, who read it through misty glasses and was more than ever assured that her sacrifice had not been in vain:

"A long way out from the great city of Osaka, at the end of a narrow road on a winding dyke, is where the government provides a home for 400 lepers. Clad in

cassock-like coats of white, we cross the spacious grounds to the teaching hall, which is a type of religious transition in Japan; for back on the spacious platform are four little shrines with the drum, mirror, images, and artificial flowers, characteristic of the four Buddhist and Shinto sects represented. We turn our backs on these and stand with open Bible before the hundred men and women with the death sentence written large on their wasted or swollen features. Their case demands something more than human guesses or consolations founded on deception. The Christian evangelist, a man who goes fearlessly in and out among them, 'for whom' as Dr. Hail, our guide and their benefactor put it, 'they would willingly die' begins the service.

"They sing a hymn, and afterwards a choir, such a choir as is rarely seen for shocking appearance, sing by themselves. One sits silent and listens to their glad song of hope and triumph over Satan's worst. That sort of music ascends of its own buoyancy right up to the Throne. The congregation is mostly Christian; at least sixty of them are formed into a little church. One man on the platform thought within himself, 'What complaint have you against the Almighty!' Facing that dehumanized band of happy men and women one felt the so-called ills and worries of life grow exceedingly small and a mighty tide of gratitude takes their place. We stood there in our aseptic dress, wishing like the Master we might say, 'Be ye healed.' Ten per cent only returned to thank Him for healing their leprosy; twenty per cent in Sotojima are at His feet thanking Him unhealed.

"Then followed one of the great hours of life, speaking to them all, saved and unsaved, of the never failing cure for that malady of soul worse than anything physical, of the new body we get some day, incorruptible, undefiled, and that knows no second death, and of the possibility that should He come soon, as the signs of the times do not forbid, some of them need never die, but

be transformed in the twinkling of an eye to be forever with the Lord; and all this on the guarantee of the God of Truth. For the joy of preaching commend me to an audience of lepers."

In some way or other the prisoners in the penitentiaries got to know about Andy. One of them told Andy his story:

He began with peccadilloes and went rapidly on to crimes. He had lived the life of a libertine. When his money failed he murdered an old woman, and with the money stolen from her continued to live his life of shame. When this money was gone he committed another murder, and this time fell into the hands of the police. With nothing else to do in the detention prison he read through 200 times—but not to the saving of his soul—a copy of the New Testament a friend had given him. His trial followed and the death sentence followed the trial. Filled with remorse and disgust he flung away his Bible in despair. It was while waiting execution in another prison, doubtless with portions of the much-read Scriptures indented in his memory, that he began a correspondence with Andy, who sent him another Bible. His subsequent letters were beautifully expressed and astonishingly full of the deepest spiritual truth.

"My hope has gone down behind the Western hills. My life is wrecked, my plans shattered. Little sins led me on to greater. Where may such a one as I find peace? But I am crucified with Christ and risen with Him. Only the blood of that Cross on Calvary avails completely to banish this evil spirit. God has washed away my sins and remembers none of them. I too may forget them. I have forgotten them. My soul is usurped by Christ. I am a prisoner in bonds, but I have the status of a son of God. I know more than the learned and have a clear vision of Heaven. Hope is the anchor of my soul and my guiding morning star. In the Bible only do I find a warrant for this conviction. I will let all else go but the Word of God. How I should like to get away, assemble the world and tell them

of the Divine will and salvation through Jesus. I cannot tell the prisoners even. I did tell the guard; perhaps he thought I was crazy.

"I am now near to death but I know whom I have believed. When I go into the presence of God I can point to Christ at his right hand and say, 'O Lord, there is my righteousness.' I am going before you all. Shall I tell the Father of you and ask Him to let me come with Christ to meet you? But tell me, when on the scaffold my final struggle comes, in those moments of utter weakness shall I lose my hold on Him?"

"Yes, you may," Andy wrote him, "but He will never loose His hold on you."

When the day did come, in the morning he wrote this postal card:

愛する先生ヨ
 時帰テ見ハ今天ニ歸ル
 随分熱ハテイルッシャイ
 後此テ亦侍チ申シマス
 明日四時ヨリ十日二十時
 師君の乾
 母君

"Beloved Teacher, my time is fulfilled. Your child is going home. Be very zealous, I will be waiting for you over there."

IX. Little Church

THE official next door to Andy, a decently living man, spent many of his unofficial hours devising economies, by which he might to better advantage use his monthly salary of fifty dollars in clothing, feeding, housing, and schooling Taro æt 16, in Middle School, Haru æt 14, in Higher Girl's School, Jiro æt 12, (and very hard on clothes) just ending primary, Saburo æt 8, in early primary, and Takeyo æt 5, (but almost 15 in activity) in kindergarten. These were all close personal friends of Andrew, as near to his heart as they were to his hearth, with carte blanche on the premises and deep in the affections of Fuzzy Wuzzy.

Andrew surveyed the parents of this family with special longing, and prayed for them both the simple faith of their children. The mother was ready, but the father, though with full liberty of belief guaranteed by an Emperor-bestowed constitution, was still in the bonds of Emperor-worship; a worship that was connected with the remotest emperor, the history of the Empire, the system of government and the social order. He had not seen how at the same time he could be a loyal Christian and a loyal subject. Furthermore, he could not understand Andy's doctrine of sin until one day, when the Crown Prince was about to visit the town. Andy casually announced to his neighbor that he did not intend either to clean up his tiny front yard or to put out his Japanese flag. Sato San was horrified.

"But he is the Prince Imperial; you will be charged with *lese majesté*!"

"Well," said Andy, "that is just the sin you are committing. God has sent the Crown Prince of Heaven to you and you are ignoring Him. How do you think the Emperor of Heaven and His Prince look upon such unwelcoming faithlessness?"

"I see, you are right, I have been wrong. I have

sinned. I will welcome Him."

And he did, with all his delightful family, becoming part of the nucleus of the little local church begun in Andy's house. It was a First Thessalonians chapter one ideal, radiant and radiating, Spirit-filled church with a prayer-nurtured, Bible-inspired primary zeal for soul-winning. It was not a hospital. It started as a mustard seed and grew as a tree grows. There were no quick baptisms. The children never stopped coming to Sabbath-school; the whole church went to Sabbath-school before the preaching service. The question of self-support never emerged, because the Christians spontaneously and naturally gave one-seventh of their time and one-tenth of their income. What the congregation heard from the pulpit was a frank, uncompromising presentation of Christianity as revealed truth and not the stultifying attempt to reduce its teaching to the half-truths already possessed by the non-Christian part of the Nation. The non-believers, too, gradually began to attend because they got something real and nonconformable.

What disturbs the missionary in many a field is to see the church depending on its evangelist to do all the evangelizing. Just as the shoemaker is supposed to supply shoes and the druggist medicines, so the evangelist is looked to to evangelize. This is fatal to anything but smallness. The Church thus easily becomes a hospital. We of the West try to remember that church attendance and Sabbath-keeping are entirely new ideas to the Far East. Temple attendance had been occasional, epochal in the dead level of a routine life—on funeral occasions, of course, and perhaps at the coming of a distinguished priest. But, generally speaking, temples are set back among the trees and graves and the household gods set up on the god shelves, apart from the business and morals of life. Religion is touched lightly in life's course at certain ports of call; it is

quite separate from the real springs and interests of life. The newly baptized convert, then, after twenty, thirty or fifty years of this sort of religious chill, although he comes into the warm atmosphere of Christian fellowship and with new Christian impulses, is easily tempted to become dead weight. The brave little engine has new strain laid upon it as it pants and slips along the frosted rails of the up-grade. Andy's Christians didn't know about vicarious evangelism.

Not that the little church escaped the trial of its faith. One of Andy's fine Christians married a wife. The wife's mother, a widow and entirely alone in the world, was an earnest Shinto believer, and withal a well-educated Japanese woman. For years the son-in-law endeavored by reading her the Bible and by importunate prayer to win her to Christ, but the Shinto heart was obdurate. After seven years the wife died. In process of time the young man married again and brought his bride home, where the mother of his first wife continued to dwell. The new wife was a model of meekness and a beautiful Christian character, but the Shinto mother-in-law hated her with a hatred that grew without the stimulant of any opposition on the part of the younger woman. Things became acute. "I will kill her," she would cry out in hysterical passion. Almost distracted, the husband consulted relatives and friends, meanwhile never ceasing to pray as the wife never ceased to patiently endure. All advised sending the mother-in-law away. One night the angry woman sharpened her knife to carry out her murderous intent, but her hand was stayed. Subsequently during the husband's absence she actually seized the unresisting wife by the throat and attempted to strangle her to death. With fortitude superhuman, the wife refrained from struggle. "If it will console you to take my life, do so. I am a Christian; whether I live or die, I am at peace," she said when she could speak. This broke the old woman's heart. The miracle happened—if

ever miracles happen—she came to her son in abject penitence, confessing all and entreating his pardon. Now all is peace, peace from the ground up, real peace, the peace of a home out of which seven evil spirits have been cast, swept and garnished, but not empty—full of Christian love. This is the way Christians do it.

Not that Andrew didn't have defections. There were recognizable signs when such defections were in progress—failure to appear at the morning service, avoiding Andy and his associate on the street, edging toward Sodom—but Andy called, wrote, prayed and waited, then called, wrote, interceded, and waited some more. Meanwhile the man was destroying himself, destroying the church, destroying society,—unconsciously, perhaps, but none the less really. Then the Lord laid His hand on the backslider, burned his barn, buried his son and sent an evil disease on the man himself. Andy called again, and this time got his man; but it had cost one, two, three, four, five, six years of wasted life and irreparable damage to do it. Purgatory would not seem unreasonable in a humanly devised scheme of things. But where sin abounded, grace did much more abound. The lapsed brother, with his restored robe, shoes and ring, never again left the Father's table, but testified mightily out of a penitential experience to the confirming of his own will and the heartening of seeking souls. So the little church grew from faith to faith, grace to grace, and strength to strength.

X. Social Service

ONE of the foreign quartet constituting the Fireside Club, was Samuel S., a young married man who taught English in a near-by Middle School for a living and engaged earnestly in works of social improvement as a mission. His wife was a model missionary. Her lines were set to every point of the compass. Her kitchen was a school, her sewing class spiritual clinics, the town hospitals, the church rooms, more especially the homes of the women with husbands at business and children at school, were all presto! preaching-places. Her genuine sympathy won her immediate access to unhappy, unsatisfied hearts. As her husband looked on he said within himself, "Well, when I brought her here, I did one good thing, anyhow." As Andy looked on he said within himself, "Well I am only one; Sam S. is two and a half."

In his earlier stages this same Sam S. had schemes for parks, sewers, water-works, and at one time rented a farm with the best of model intentions. However, an increasing harvest of doubts, a diminishing series of crops gave him pause. Moreover, his ledger began to show a decided list to starboard; so he came to see Andy.

"Andy, the more I see of the domestic and civic economy of my town, the less confident I feel."

"Yes?" said Andy, encouragingly.

"What have I got to give them, anyway, except English and all the Christianity I can crowd in? True, I've brought over a few expensive and dazzling toys, but only a few can afford to enjoy them."

"Of course."

"They are more simple, care-free, economical, nature-loving, aesthetic and apparently get more pleasure out of life than we of the West."

"Well, I'd take exception to the 'care-free' and

'pleasure' propositions, that is to say, if you mean real peace in their souls."

Now, Sam S. was a fine soul; he had warm affections and a keen desire to be of service. He saw the social evil glaringly impudent and the drink evil universal. His impulse was to rush in without first sitting down and counting the cost. Andy had gone through some disappointments and had subsequently fully counted the cost. Sam S. was in for quick results and at one time had exhorted Andy to go in to the limit for the abolition of public prostitution. Andy had looked at him thoughtfully and, beholding him, loved him. To-day he looked at him through the same eyes as Sam told of an experience he and Mrs. Sam had once had in attempting to rescue one of the victims of the licensed system—how at the end of a tedious and trying night of bickering with the keeper and the police, the girl was finally handed over, only to be set upon by a crowd of roughs from the brothels a few hours later and hustled back to her old place; how the police were again appealed to, the keeper given a dressing down, twenty-one men from the brothels lined up for identification, as participants in the fracas; and how finally Mr. and Mrs. Sam with their captive returned home in triumph.

"Fine! Great work! Where is she now?" said Andy.

"Now, just wait; that's the point. All this was three years ago. The girl was taken to her father's house, where she worked making envelopes. We all thought she was all right. But now just look at this; we saw it in a Japanese newspaper the other day."

"—— San, formerly an inmate of a brothel in ——, was rescued with no little difficulty three years ago by a foreign missionary and his wife, with the help of the girl's father and a Japanese pastor. Recently

we learn that this girl, assuming her sister's name, was sold to a brothel in ——."

The two men were silent for a moment. Then Andrew, with something glistening in his eye, laying his hand on the shoulder of the younger man, said in a voice none too steady:

"Never mind, Sam, old boy, the recording angel has it all down in the book of remembrance, but may the Lord have mercy on that girl and whoever sold her, on the keeper and on the nation that legalizes this hellish business."

"But, Sammy, let me tell you my story; they don't all turn out that way."

Three months after she had sold herself to a "restaurant," we heard that a young woman I knew, a baptized Christian, mind you, was still an inmate of one of these unlicensed institutions of ill-fame that are the curse of towns and villages as well as cities. Her father had been seriously ill in a hospital in a remote town, and her mother and the children destitute. Without her father's knowledge, and against her mother's expostulations, Keiko had taken this step. Her contract was innocent enough, a loan of \$120 advance wages as a waitress. We had already a letter from the girl, saying that she wished to get away. In the city to which we had gone near to Keiko's town, four of us decided to meet for special prayer. The intercession of one of our number was almost awe-inspiring. She spread out the whole case before the Lord, and having done so, actually thanked Him for having heard and answered. She told us afterwards that she had been given great assurance that the girl was to be given her as a servant. The following day an earnest Christian from Keiko's church and myself set out for her place. I confess I was prepared for rebuff, refusals, obstacles, inability to meet the girl personally, and possible appeal to the police. Well, when

Peter was delivered from his prison, the doors all opened from within. "May we see Keiko San?" The smiling proprietess said, "Come right in," and we went right in. "The fact is, Keiko is not used to this business. I'll call her and let you talk privately to her." Keiko comes in, evidently glad to see us. "Keiko, do you want to leave this place?" "Yes," and this "Yes," as in all similar cases, is the opening of "the iron gate that leadeth unto the city"—all else in detail. You cannot legally detain one's person for debt in Japan. "What is your debt?" We had thought it between \$160 and \$180). "I'll go and find out." Then we prayed some more; for we are never sure of anything until we are actually off of the premises with a receipted bill in our inside pocket. The proprietess and Keiko came into our room with the account, \$140, which I believed a real statement of actual debt, not a series of inflated charges. "Now, we are not buying this girl of you, you understand; we are lending her \$140, and with it she herself is paying her debt to you." This from us to the proprietess. To Keiko: "We lend you this money and you will be paying it back monthly out of your wages at the home of a missionary friend." You may be sure we took little credit to ourselves for this transaction. We had additional cause for gratitude when we were assured that the girl had hitherto been only a waitress and nurse to the children of the house. We were somewhat embarrassed at the station during a very long ten minutes when the proprietess and two of her young women in scarlet stood by the car window seeing Keiko off, while a group of people at the far end of the car evidently were enjoying audibly the whole situation. The atmosphere cleared, however, after the train started, when my fellow "rescuer" got out his hymn book and we began singing some hymns; after which he fixed his eyes on an apparently unknown man across the aisle, and in a voice that easily filled half the car, began an excellent discourse on the reasonable-

ness of belief in God; after a while, in a more subdued voice, he offered a prayer—all of which did not seem so incongruous in Japan, and I feel sure accomplished more than merely relieving the tedium of a two-hour trip in a tobacco-blue car in the gathering dusk of a snowy day in March. A little later it was a joy worth the while to say to my hostess, strong in intercession: "Here is Keiko, the answer to your prayer!" From the standpoint of the value of a human soul, rescue work is worth while. But the almost universal prevalence of these vestibules of hell, the multitude of the dehumanized Babylonians who make merchandise of the "souls of men," and callously rate the worth of a girl as one would estimate the value of a hog, the deadly diseases, fines for failure to entice, hopeless debts, the seamy faces of denatured human beings, the fallen tabernacle, blind old age, death in a hut of mats in a garbage field—legislation could at least outlaw the brothel trust, the police could close the "restaurants," if public sentiment demanded. Nothing but Christianity can create such a popular condemnation of the system. There is such a growing sentiment and an organized demand for abolition and reform, and the movement is gaining momentum, but I am one of those who, while members of temperance and similar "reform" societies, have no confidence in endeavors to reform Satan and his works till the Lord comes and consumes both them and him."

"Well, Andy, that's splendid. She's saved anyway."

"But just wait; let me tell you my sequel. After six months the girl gave birth to a child. As we contemplated the depths of Satan, we were tempted to discouragement. We had gotten her into the Japan Rescue Mission in Sendai, where those blessed English women are caring for such as she. Letters from her and from the ladies themselves assure us of her sincere contrition. I am sure she is saved.

I'll never refuse to rescue a girl, Sam, when she appeals to me in the name of Christ; this does not mean, however, that I'll wittingly be a cat's paw for any lecherous lover."

At the close of the afternoon Andy was summing up. "Let me add just a word about this matter of social service; and I wish to speak with caution and respect. I think I see the need not only in the case of abolition and temperance but in the case of the 800,000 tubercular sufferers, the 60,000 lepers, and others. I want to pitch right in and help but I cannot but believe that we are in danger of inverting the true order in putting so much of our strength into 'educational,' 'reform' and 'relief' work that belongs to evangelistic work. Jesus and His Apostles should be our models."

To which his friend responded, "Well, I guess you're right. This has come to me—missionaries having come to an unevangelized land should primarily evangelize; secondarily exhibit, as models, so to speak the fruits of salvation in founding and maintaining educational, reform, and relief institutions, but expect the Christians in the Churches to carry on to perfection these secondary works; thirdly, having made the transfer, to do—well, what you're doing, Andy—put their main strength into evangelism."

XI. The Great Symposium

JUST as Andrew, went to his patron saint, so his three friends came to him. It was early Fall. All things were set for a symposium—a good fire blazing, unlimited vitamins in the peanut supply, expectant appetite in Fuzzy Wuzzy. The Fireside Club assembled in time for roll-call, full attendance: Samuel S., of social service purpose, Thomas W., the evolutionist missionary, H., the investigator of ethnic cults,—the last named also a missionary but studying religions with harmonic intent—all feeding the dog crackers and the fire shells. He of the evolutionary tendency fired the first gun. Doubts concerning the hypothesis had been invading his mind, and he really wanted peace. Andy looked as though he had attained it but Thomas W., was just a little proud as well as cautious; so at the conclusion of some hot artillery fire he delivered himself of the following barrage:

“Andy, what it all amounts to is simply this—you’re just the result of internal electrons acted on by external stimuli, the total worth commercially ninety-eight cents, industrially three thousand dollars. These external and internal forces grind on and grind out until you terminate in the obituary column, ‘Mr. Andrew so many buildings, so many poems, so many dollars’—period.” And Thomas W., in the general glow engendered by this eloquence, proceeded to indulge in a peroration, “Andy, why don’t you read the latest books and keep up with the times. You know what people are thinking about nowadays—we are victims of an evolutionary fate—we think what we think, feel what we feel, decide what we decide, because we are helplessly involved in these outbillowings. Why don’t you frankly accept the findings of the modern mind?”

Now nothing made Andy more desirous of biting off the end of his inhaler than reference to the modern mind, but he held himself in, though the swivel chair trembled

some. What he said was, "Look here, Tommy, you've got many a day's work ahead of you in trying to persuade me to sell out my birthright for a mess of cerebral potage or to exchange the vertebra of my volition for a jelly-fish recipient of external stimuli. I know I am and that I am self-determined. I refuse to become a helpless automaton to accommodate any theory. So just, please, write this down in the tablets of your memory, that as long as I have conscious existence, I am going to trust the evidences of my senses, and the decrees of my soul. That is the way your Uncle Andrew is constituted. Further, Tommy, if the modern mind is content passively to pursue its stimuli-directed course, through this present existence into the conscious-less, person-less, thought-less, love-less, will-less Nirvana awaiting it—for logically it can be headed nowhere else—I can view its progress thither with nothing but the profoundest grief."

"Then you reject evolution?"

"I reject what I understand to be the only evolution worthy of the name, that is to say a strictly, mechanistic evolution which is entirely unbroken by any entrance at any point of the creative power of God, especially in connection with Jesus Christ. I can't believe in this sort and be a Christian."

"Why not?"

"Principally because it doesn't explain Christ. It doesn't explain me myself, either, for that matter, as I have just said."

"Tell us how you came to this conviction."

"Well, I came to a place in my life when Christ stood before me and said to me, 'I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life. Will you accept Me as such?'

"Then I began to see two methods I might pursue. The downward method—I might remove from Him everything miraculous and supernatural, as the Jews did; in

which case I would be reducing Him to the confines of my own nature and reason and experience, from which very confines I was seeking a way out! This I perceived to be a process not only stultifying to my own highest aspirations, but also blasphemy against Him, if He were indeed The Way, The Truth, and The Life; so I abandoned that method as tending downward.

"Then I said to myself, 'This matter is vital to your soul; should you hesitate to take the ascending course?' Well, fellows, I can't talk about this with any degree of composure. You know about those Peniel times, the Holy of Holies experiences in our lives. Well, any way, I said I would. I took my stand on the definite article. I feel absolutely at rest with Him as the Centre of the Triune God, the Centre of creation, the Centre of God's great plan, the Centre of revelation, the Centre of the experience of hundreds of millions of Christians, as Him from Whom as Centre will radiate what lies in the future. The race did not evolve Christ. He appeared suddenly, remote from all categories, absolutely unique. Moreover the race is not going to evolve a Christ: the race revolves about Christ. He stands not on some distant periphery, but already at the centre, eternally central, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. To say that I am satisfied seems almost to savour of patronizing; I would be free from that sin. It is rather an attitude of adoration, and, I trust, obedient attention.

"I am forever limited to Christ, limited to the Way, the Truth and the Life, limited to infinity and eternity! When in our search for a goal we find ourselves in a cul-de-sac, we retrace our steps and repeat our attempt through other premises until we find the open way. I found the way out only through Him. The issues were serious. Here on the right of me, was Eden full of light and peace and life, satisfaction to my whole nature, communion with God; there to the left of me the land of Nod—labour, sweat, wars, violence, sickness, death. As a rational being I chose Eden and I need no flaming

sword to keep me therein, remote from the allurements of Satan, and the land of Tubal Cain—unless indeed I visit the land occasionally with evangelistic purpose.

“If evolution had led me to the truth—there being no Jesus—if it led me to the Father, if it had set me in the centre of truth (not placed the centre of truth in me), if it had manifestly given me this Heaven-sent, Spirit-filled eternal life, I should be obliged to accept evolution. But its conclusions, or the conclusions of any other system, must be tested by my certain knowledge. My free will and my Divine Christ are absolute certainties with me, consequently any premises not leading to these certain conclusions it would be suicidal for me to accept.”

“Andy,” replied Tom slowly, who all the time had been staring at the fire, “I admit that most of that stuff I was giving you was bluff, and Andy, I’m going to let the rest of it go too, and—and do your way. I don’t want to take any attitude towards Christ that detracts from His glory. I don’t want to disappoint Him. I can do nothing else than take the ascending course and maintain my Christian self-respect.”

The other three men were silent for a little; they knew what this confession had cost him. It was one of those times when mutual respect and love grew suddenly deep and wide and high into enduring friendship.

“Andy,” said Tom, after a little, “what we’ve been speaking about is the direct and speedy method of attaining conviction. Now may I ask your counsel in the case of a man bound to ‘science’ insisting on human reason and requiring syllogisms, evidences, and the like? You know there are some who keep telling us that their reason is all they have to go by and that God is not going to condemn them for using their reason. How would you approach such a man?”

“Why, I think most assuredly he is bound to use his reason just as I am bound to use my eye to see by; the trouble is not so much with the eye as what we are look-

ing at, or rather what we fail to look at. It is mistaking experience for reason that is distressing. I've got a lot of respect for my thinking outfit; in fact, I'd feel irreverent and disloyal if I failed to use it. God Himself tells me to stop grovelling and stand up and answer Him. God isn't, I think, going to condemn me for using the eye of the soul, but for not looking Spiritual facts in the face; for not being scientific to the limit."

"Well then, how would you recommend a man of science to proceed?"

"I would say, First, assume as a hypothesis the supernatural to be true. Then assemble every scrap of supernatural evidence you can lay your hands on. Then pursue your investigation according to the laws pertaining to the subject under investigation. Finally begin building on foundations already laid.

"You see we are trying to penetrate into a higher realm of truth than the planes of truth familiar to us in our mundane surroundings. So we naturally begin with a hypothesis, an initial act of faith so to speak. '*I know Whom I have believed and am persuaded,*' Then if there is any evidence claiming to come from that higher sphere, I would seize upon it with avidity. Now when I open the Bible I find it, throughout its course, claiming to be a collection of facts pertaining to the supernatural sphere. I reverently and exultingly assemble them all as priceless material. As a seeker after supernatural material I glory in the find with greater joy than the discoverer of an ancient Egyptian tomb. How inconsistent in studying the supernatural to reject supernatural evidence because it isn't natural! Why study light in a candle-illuminated dungeon while the whole glory of the sun is available a few flights up. Why 'follow the gleam' when a pillar of fire goes before me to tides and seas of glory.

"Now about pursuing investigation according to the laws pertaining to the particular sphere of investigation,

may I use an illustration," continued Andy, waving a poker in gesture.

"Here is a man who has devoted his life to fungus, or the dative case, or chemistry, or music. Manifestly the instruments used, the subject matter involved and the laws that obtain in the study of these sciences vary with the nature of the science. It is only rational and scientific that in the study of any science I submit to the kind of demonstration the science demands.

"For example here is a standard text-book on astronomy. I open it and read of all sorts of marvels. I light on a paragraph involving difficult mathematical formulae, which asserts that the upper shoulder star in Orion is so huge that it would take an airplane a million years to fly across its disc. This assertion and many similar claims excite my interest and suspicion; so I go to an astronomer and say, 'I have specialized in fungus. I have an excellent microscope—the constant use of which by the way has greatly injured my eyesight. I have too a set of dissecting instruments, cases of specimens and a small library of original brochures. Botany is my field, but generally speaking, as a scientific man I feel more or less competent to pass judgment on the subject of astronomy. I have actually counted the stars and find them to number only about 2,000. I have observed that they vary in size; there being certain of the largest stars that seem to wander among the rest. All the stars each night move over the stationary plane of our earth. But I wish to learn more about the science; so I will bring my instruments to you to-morrow and begin.' The astronomer patiently explains that my microscope and apparatus, while appropriate to my specialty, are unsuited to the study of the heavens, but that he would introduce me to the telescope, which was a light assembler, bringing the heavens down to the field of vision. Whereupon I confess to him that I had stolen into the observatory at the noon hour and had tried to see the stars, but had failed to see anything, even with

the telescope. 'Oh,' said he, 'the difficulty was that the great lens was curtained and the shutter of the dome drawn and the eye-piece closed; besides, you know, observations have to be made at night when the earth lights are out.' So I humble myself, abandon my apparatus, accept his text-book, instruments and instruction and in so doing feel that I am pursuing a truly rational and scientific course.

"That is to say, having had offered me the aid of a Divine Teacher, a Divine Text-Book and a light-assembling, light-transmitting Divine Spirit, I reverently accept them all in my study of things Divine. Isn't that rational, isn't it scientific? Wouldn't a student be not only foolish but even guilty in rejecting such method and means? Is it conceivable that the supernatural can be seen without a pure heart, a Bestower of light, an unveiled heaven and an attitude on the part of the observer conformed to the laws of the heavenlies?

"Well, then, finally, I would recommend to my scientific friend to build on foundations already laid. Why go back of Moses or Plato or Luther or Calvin to begin your thinking? I have always had the feeling that the field of discovery and originality lay ahead, and that it was stupid to allow thousands of years of spiritual facts to go into the discard and attempt an *ab initio* process with only a few hundred days of remaining residence on the planet. There really isn't time, you know. There are those that rail at old fogies like me as mid-Victorian while they themselves complacently start a new line to the heavenlies from a disturbance in a protoplasmic ooze."

XII. Touring

SOMETIMES, much to Fuzzy's distress, Andy would tie on his back a ruck-sack well filled with tracts, chocolates, and raisins and beneath the sack an old diploma-case filled with large Gospel pictures, and heartlessly absent himself for two long, dreary weeks. Why he practised such unreasonable and heart-breaking absences the dog never knew until one happy day he gnawed through his rope and eluding the vigilance of Goro, raced along the snow road following the scent of Andy's rubbers and overtook him at the top of a partially broken pass. He crouched at his feet, made his apology, renewed his vow of life allegiance then with rope end dangling raced around and around him in narrowing circles through the soft snow, delivering himself of all the yelps in his vocabulary. "Wuzzy, you're a bad dog, but I'm mighty glad to see you."

It had been a hard pull up the pass and over the partially broken roads but the little church at the end of the journey was compensation for any kind of a road; it was the sort of church that sends out hand-made Christians. The evening meal at the elder's house was served, not in the best room, where only the inside of the brazier was warm, but in the big kitchen where the family sheet-iron stove, burned good oak wood and kept the family provisions, snow-sprinkled red flannel leggings, and other things from freezing. After the rice, vegetable stew, and accompaniments had been disposed of, Andrew found that he was expected to make the address of the occasion to the family and some neighbors who had come in. By way of introduction his old friend Mr. K., who owned quite a section of that part of the world, told how he became a Christian:

"I knew nothing about the Teaching. I was living like the rest of the world and dwelt in a birch-bark cabin, when Mr. Y., the evangelist, came to work in the town. There was no place for him to stay, so I asked him to

live with me. He never urged me to become a Christian, but I couldn't help seeing that he and his family were running on an entirely different set of principles from those that governed my life. I ceased opposing and accepted Christ as my Teacher, and then came the big question—would I accept Him as my Lord? I thought hard over this. What persuaded me was Mrs. Y.'s dying. I saw her approach death in serenity and peace. I had seen men bluff all sorts of situations and then quail at the issue. Not so this Christian woman; she faced death in triumphant peace and this persuaded me. I was released from bondage into my present life of liberty."

The next day, Sunday, the congregation filled the little church. There is no more pleasing sight in this world than to see an iron-muscled, clear-eyed, bronze-faced young man stand out before his Lord and, in the beauty and strength of his youth, offer up the two score and ten ahead. Even at the far end of the two score and ten, better indeed to offer the ashes of a burnt-out life than offer nothing at all;—for He giveth beauty for ashes—but your young convert is laying up for himself joyous memories for the "days of Heaven."

Monday the trail led past several construction camps. The men were living in shingled shacks close up against the receding timber, men of fine physique, clad in red flannel trousers and thick jerseys. At the farthest shack the men were just coming back from the day's work with their battle-axes over their shoulders. There was a large platter of red meat—horse flesh, Andy thought apprehensively and Fuzzy Wuzzy thought enthusiastically.

"Come in and stay all night. After supper give us a talk. Got anything to sell?"

"Thanks, no, nothing to sell, but something to give."

After the meal Andy showed them his pictures of the earthly life of Jesus. He talked for an hour more and

after that at their instigation an hour more. He spoke to them freely as man to men without mincing matters. He had made a dozen new friends and had their names down in his little book ready to mail them sequels to the tracts he left with them.

Down the trail he went the next day, through the fringe of pioneering farmers dwelling in slab shacks, noting in passing a little slab temple and the slab school house, leaving his tracts from door to door. He took it all in, this life in the slab zone, and mused as he had mused before: "If one gets there in time he will find the farmer's heart as accessible as his house, a frail structure of poles and thatch, ill-suited to withstand the entrance of a strong man armed. Let him wait a year or two, when the cleared fields are yielding increased income from corn and grain, and he will find a stouter structure opposing his entrance. Prosperity tends to board a man in. A few years more and things are under lock and key. You often find these three types of houses existing side by side—the original house of thatch, now become a shed for charcoal; the second house of boards, now a stable; the third, plastered and palisaded, like the ancestral home in the South and almost as impenetrable."

Andrew made his talks at the schools, called on the scattered believers here and there, spending the nights at their homes addressing the groups of neighbors invited in, repeating much the same experience in other valleys and plains, finally, with empty sack and healthfully tired limbs he and Wuzzy got back to the fireside again and he wrote in his diary:

"A missionary cannot consent to settling down to teaching English four times a week, preaching in his chapel twice a week, receiving callers with or without concealed axes, pottering in six or seven trades about the house and writing essays, although he may do a deal of good in this limited sphere. He must get his eyes filled with the everlasting vision and go out among the villages with Bibles, pictures

and tracts and personal messages for the farmers, fishermen, laborers, women at the well, children on the streets and men in the shops. 'But will this found Churches?' It will precipitate inquirers, uncover hidden Christians, start things.

"We aver and maintain that our particular field lies away in the unhewn regions where neither our own nor (what is even more important) any other loyal Church has established work; and further we insist on the right of way in such regions, whatever be our future relations to the Church, unimpeded traffic on the King's Highway."

XIII. Superiority Complex

ANDY," said H., one day, "aren't you just a little hard on the East? Hasn't the East much to give us? We want to avoid a superiority complex, you know; yet we come at them with claims and creeds. Then too, aren't we all of us, East and West, working towards the ultimate religion?"

"One at a time, please. Yes, indeed, the East has a lot to give us—any amount of art, superb handicraft, simplicity of living, love of nature, forbearance, restraint, helpfulness, and a whole lot more. I approach the scholar as a student, the professor of science with respect, the philologist as a stutterer, the surgeon with confidence, but the religionist—in so far as he is commercial, with indignation, in so far as he is simply ignorant, however, with sacrificial tears."

"Don't you think a man has a right to his own religion?"

"Perhaps so, but it isn't worth much. I threw mine away."

"Threw it away?"

"Yes, to accept the religion of Jesus Christ. Every man may have a right to his thoughts about God, but he has higher right to God's thoughts toward him. To give this people God's thoughts toward them is why we are here. When I am told I have no right to press on others my trilogy I feel like a doctor who has a medicine he knows will cure or a dietician who could prescribe a regime he knows will restore to normal. I am not taking advantage of a drowned man by draining his lungs and restoring respiration. If I knew a man had taken poison 'ramming' an antidote or stomach-pump down his esophagus is just what I'd do. Jesus overlooked the culture of the Jews and interfered with their prejudices in order to save their lives."

"But aren't we blunt and angular about our definitions and creeds?"

"Yes," said Andy, "many of the Japanese people are impressionists and take in truth by suggestion rather than by formulae, but this is only an initial necessity, I think, leading on ultimately to definition. Sooner or later probably they themselves will demand such orderly statements of belief as satisfy the man on the street. For these I would have sympathy and patience.

"Now you understand H., I am hopelessly a thorough-going realist and must state my perceptions of the truths of Revelation in plain, dogmatic terms. A catechism founded on and conformed to Scripture as a Revelation, is a blessed relief from tortuous and torturing guessing. It is unthinkable with me to have a faith you cannot formulate. If you think at all you'll soon formulate a creed: if you don't think you need a creed. So that in presenting my creed and catechism to this people, so far from assuming any superior attitude, I feel I am ministering to them a gracious gift from the Lord.

"I am not here as a superior Occidental talking down to an Oriental. I am here as a Christian man talking on the level to my fellowmen. That unreceptive pride that, although perceiving Christ, rejects Him, is a superiority complex of the most sinful type."

"But certainly, Andy, you'd admit good in the ethnic religions—Buddhism, for example?"

"Of course I'm not denying the moral standards of the world; it's the basis on which those standards rest that I'm thinking of. But what do you mean by 'good'—the good that Goethe called the enemy of the best or do you mean the absolute good that Jesus predicated of God? In either case it depends on the content of our message whether or not we are doing good to the East. However good its moral precepts, a system beginning with the astounding major premise that desire is evil and

proceeding through its fatalistic, pessimistic course to absorption in an unconscious nirvana, a system that is relieved (!) only by its fiction of rewards, is what we face ingrained in Japanese thought and life. The priest explains to us, 'No, in reality there is no heaven and hell, but the desire for the former and the fear of the latter have value as moral (sic) sanctions in inducing to decent living.' Whereupon the young Japanese responds, 'Oh, that's religion, is it? I always thought religion was a fraud anyway. Christianity sounds all right, but it's probably only a little superior pious device like all the rest of them. Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die. The only realities are the world, the flesh, and the grave.'

"I heard a converted Buddhist priest give these principles of Buddhism: 1. The world is unreal; all things therein are evanescent. Hence life is undervalued, despair and suicide become easy. You pass out of this life into another and from that into a third and so on through many existences: so that the present life is of comparatively little importance. 2. This chain of life is a series of cause and effects. I am to-day the result of what I was and did in a former existence. It is all inevitable. There is no use of my trying to avoid the consequences of causes lying back in the past. 3. I may be delivered from evil in my next existence, no matter how prodigal a life I may lead here and now, by the alms and prayers of my surviving relatives! A most selfish conception. 4. There is no God except my own heart.

"Now if a rationalist or a mechanistic evolutionist comes to the East with his reasonings and good advice only, he will find plenty of both already here, but with nothing else to offer he will simply confirm the East in its disappointments and despair. What your Oriental is after is a Revelation. Unless we from the West have a Revelation to offer, our good and the good in Buddhist moral teaching will prove the greatest enemy of the best.

In testifying to a Revelation I am not conscious of any superiority complex.

"H., did you ever read Asia?"

"Do you mean the magazine?"

"No, I mean the continent. Asia is an awesome book. Read it as you read other books from left to right, and see what half the world has come to with only reason, conscience and experience to go by. You find nations blessed spiritually according as they have retained God and His holy institutions in their knowledge. Read, and see the great drama of human history acted out in miniature in the course of the Hebrew people. Thirty to twenty-five centuries ago on the high stage of Palestine through the Hebrew people God demonstrated to all people and for all time that Divine blessing follows human obedience. They lost their land and liberty because they 'despised His words . . . until there was no healing.'

"On a vaster scale than in Palestine you find the same fearful scene enacted in Asia. Read on. Just as the knowledge of the Saviour becomes dimmer and dimmer as you leave the second cradle of the race, so the knowledge of the Father from Whom He came fades away towards the Eastern frontiers of the world. Along the Western rim of Asia Jesus is accorded the glory of His Divine nature, that glory dimming as you traverse Mesopotamian lands, frankly denied as you cross the wide areas of Mohammedan unitarianism, lost then in polytheistic India and her borders in the hiding of The Face that alone reveals the glory of God, whence you pass on into the twilight gloom of the Far East where as in other lands, peopling heaven and earth with gods, men for centuries with only clouded reason and disappointing experience to go by, have sought to pierce the blackened heavens; only to fall back on what they could find within—helpless subjectivism—or what they thought they saw without—pantheism, fear, fatalism, despair everywhere.

"Asia is 'modern' rationalism worked out to its logical conclusion, the logical terminus of the unassisted, unenlightened mind—man as lord, self as the centre, reason and experience as the judgment seats, sin as error, character as salvation, civilization as religion.

"The more you have men demanding to think for themselves the more men of many minds you will have, and the more remote from unity you get. The more men you get who bring every thought into captivity to Christ, the Source of Truth, the more speedily you arrive at the only known Unity. God is going to sum up all things in Christ.

"Christianity is the only possible universal religion. The nations have a great deal to unlearn before any family of nations is possible. Ancestor worship as embodied in Shintoism, Japanese Buddhism as modified by Shintoism and Bushido as locally applied, are all insulating religions."

XIV. The Call of the Frontier

SEVERAL years of happy service had passed. Andrew was back from his second furlough and was reliving the happy experiences of pioneering; for he had moved the swivel-chair and its accessories to a new town. Fuzzy Wuzzy, now grown sedate, had gone along, accommodating himself wonderingly to the new trick of a new hearth and tranquilly to the old trick of the old rug. He had come to take Andy more for granted, but there was still complete understanding between the two.

The little congregation, now housed by their own efforts in an attractive church building, had come of age and naturally sought an alliance with the presbytery of the native church which had long since become a self-supporting, self-propagating, self-governing body. This presbytery was now one of eight, the whole constituting in creed, discipline, and government a well organized Church. Perhaps a denomination comprising only 130 self-supporting and 150 partially supporting churches with a total membership of 43,000 believers, would not be called large, but from almost any standpoint—viewed from the upgrowth of a mustard seed out of thin and pre-occupied soil, or as a band of men and women of real conviction, or as the visible centre of unseen radii of influence extending widely into the provinces, it was a great Church; great, too, it was in the valour of its pioneers foreign and native who, by the wayside, in the chapels and through the press had loyally fulfilled the commission once delivered to the saints.

While in the United States, Andy, in his description of rural Japan, as he knew it, by his appeal to the heroic in them had so stirred the hearts of a group of devoted young men (who hitherto had ignored Japan as being too easy) that they had pledged themselves to resident rural work in that land.

What had especially moved them in Andy's appeal was his estimate that his own Mission alone was responsible

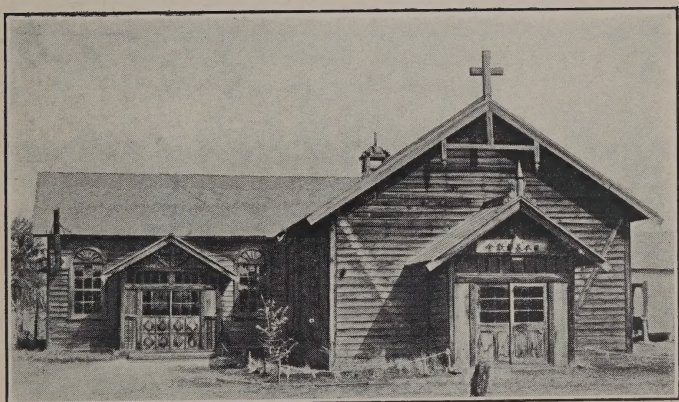
for the evangelization of over six million Japanese souls. "There are thousands of towns," he quoted from a trusted authority, "without a Christian worker and many without a Christian witness." And from another, "there are over 8,800 unoccupied towns of 2,000 to 8,000 population." And this also, "of the places where 1,500 high schools for boys (14-19 years of age) and 1,100 high schools for girls are located, about 350 have no foreign missionary in residence."

Scores of women missionaries, Andrew told the young people, are needed in remote country districts to conduct informal home schools. Provide a budget of \$2,000, a faculty of two Japanese women teachers, a curriculum of three grammar-school years, an enrollment of thirty pupils, a practical course—mostly domestic science suited to their future environment, and, that their spirits may soar, all the music they can compass with all the literature they can absorb; finally and supremely a thorough acquaintance with the Bible, that their souls may live—provide these things and one woman missionary with two earnest teachers could do it all with an initial outlay of \$4,000.

"It's a great day in Japan, and a great day for Japan. Others have laboured and we have entered into their labours.

"What more could you ask in the way of access? Access to rural Japan, the Japan of the common people, is invitingly possible. Trains de luxe take you almost anywhere—unless you prefer third-class cars in which your rural missionary will find most of the people he is after.

"But what is still more significant you have access to the hearts of the people. Providentially the government has been removing barriers. There were decades when the government was frankly ultra-conservative itself or else naturally apprehensive at a too early removal of barriers as involving perhaps a nation-wide face-about to-



ward Christianity which if sudden might be perilous. Then young Japan awoke to the existence, rights, and power of the individual. It seems as though the old religions were giving way: new religions flare up, one every decade, only to subside to ashes with here and there enough embers only to warm the souls of the faithful.

"My Japanese associate," Andy would continue, "assures me that the educational authorities have given up the idea that education is a section of the ship of state separated from the rest of the national life by transverse bulkheads. They are rather advising the introduction of religion. Further than that, school teachers are showing a different mood, and feel free to express their long repressed desire for a living faith. This is also of great significance. He tells me, too, that the epoch of criticizing Christianity as a foreign religion is passing and that Christianity is now being judged on its own merits—happy day! Of course there are zones and zones of thought and prejudice among the people but generally speaking the attitude toward our faith is more kindly. Christ is looked upon as one of the world's moral heroes. The point is that He is being looked upon; which is a stage well on towards the recognition of His Deity.

"You may think of the younger people you would meet in rural evangelism as first a few thousand samurai, descendants of the old knights. They are comparatively easy to lead. Since the early seventies they have come of their own accord. They have their own prophets.

"Then there are the more progressive of the common people who continue to read after leaving the primary school, and who naturally take the lead in society. It is these millions who, distinct from the insulated, century-trodden, custom-hardened, ignorantly satisfied other millions of fisher folks, miners, labourers and farmers, are quite able and determined to do their own thinking and choosing. They are serious in their desire to know the truth. They seldom commit themselves to church attendance, but they read and think and welcome private

talks. Book-stores abound in books detailing 'foreign thought.' "

"But," Andy's auditors would ask him. "Are not the Christians in the churches active in winning their compatriots to Christ?"

"It would seem," he would reluctantly answer, "that the great majority are not." Either they lack knowledge or they lack zeal or they lack the conviction that the unsaved are in peril. The last-named probably is the real hindering cause; for in some branches of the church in Japan there is a twilight zone of doubt, a modernistic blur and a substituted Gospel. It is poor seeing when mists enshroud the heavens and dimness affects the vision of those who should be seers.

"Even if the Christians were earnest evangelists the remaining task is so stupendous, that to withdraw missionary aid at this time, would mean abandoning millions of this generation and at least the next generation, I believe, to an unevangelized doom.

"It has been conceded by the Japanese Church itself that they can not compass the evangelization of this generation without missionary aid. This same Church has delimited its territory of practical responsibility and consented to the missionary's free hand in a new pioneering endeavour on the principle of self-support in the newly opened places.

"If the missionary commission is regarded as fulfilled in simply founding a native church, whose activities touch thousands of lives and leave untouched millions of lives, by what authority do we report at Headquarters the land possessed when only Jericho has fallen? Do we not dishonor our commission and actually mar our past achievement by the wilful assumption that a native church, representing one per cent of 'every creature' in the Empire, will be an acceptable offering when the Commission calls for the ninety-nine per cent still out of the fold? We shall have to reconstruct the parable and re-

write the hymn. Believe me we stand at the open door of one of the great opportunities of Mission history. The man who is closing his ledger, getting his accounts audited and securing his reservations, is not the man for the hour. The situation calls for the vision of a prophet and the heroism of an apostle. The romance of missions in Japan is not ended. There is plenty of danger, self-sacrifice, hard work, joy and victory ahead. The greater work of the Mission lies beyond.

"If, therefore, any young man or woman within range of my voice, oppressed with a sense of stewardship, thinks it worth while to become a conveyor of life to people in Japan who one day may become rulers over ten cities, believe me, there are hundreds of places in that land awaiting to welcome you.

"What is the Church's idea about mission work? If it is to establish a little white-steepled chapel among a range of massive Buddhist roofs, nobody is going to object—not even the Buddhists. But if it is to go up and possess the land, let the Church know that it has reached its Kadesh Barnea, and that the conquest is quite within its consecrated effort. Otherwise the Church at home is condemning its missionaries to die in the wilderness—God forbid!

"Probably the strategy of Missions compelled initially the occupation of metropolitan centres, but this done, surely the next step would be the rural towns. Given the Church established in Jerusalem, is it not true strategy to evangelize Judea and Samaria and the uttermost parts of the earth? Confessedly the cities draw on the country for fresh vigour and moral replenishment; is it not true strategy to evangelize the source?

"The call of the rural towns is not for leaders of movements—they have their place, I Cor. 12: 28—but for men and women whose offering is decades of service in lowly beginnings, if not endings—burial, if you will, but only as seeds are buried. They are not out

for bouquets. A man or a woman who will go to a rural town for an impressionable number of years and will live there a Christ-like life will find there the secret of joy compared with which medals and titles are children's toys.

"What a superb investment of a life, what a supreme honor to enter in and possess for Christ! You do not have to outrival Athens. You need not depend on race, birth, education, culture, purse—you need something far and away above any natural endowment or acquired power.

"You enter into the warfare a single human will to contend with ten thousand human wills and the mighty will of Satan. You are going to put up a sorry fight unless your little will is backed up by the Almighty will of God. When a missionary submits his will to the will of the Almighty, he is not only invincible but usable for conquest. I have spoken unto you young men because ye are strong, and the Word of God abideth in you and ye have overcome the wicked one. I have spoken to you before you pass the deadline of opportunity to come and preach Jesus to this people.

"It is a new era—the final long, hard, wide possessing of the land. We have not yet reached

The End.

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The call of rural Japan ...

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